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"Take care, now, Peter," said I, 'for if I should succeed, which is very improbable, you will, in all likelihood, be very impatient to get me to work the counter-miracle of making your wife dumb again.'

"Ogh, no, plase your raverence," said Peter; 'just set her once talking, and I'll be the happy man.'

"Very well," said I, 'I'll do my best.'

"So I cleared them all out of my kitchen except Molly, and locked the door. I then heated the poker in the fire, and when it was red hot I made a feint to run at Molly with it, exclaiming, 'talk now, you old goose, or I'll ram this poker down your throat.'

"Oh, heaven defend me," roared Molly; upon my word, gentlemen, she spoke, and has had her speech since: but the worst of it was, that my very unexpected success has established my miraculous fame among my parishioners, so that my sanative abilities are repeatedly referred to, in spite of all my lectures on the subject of the nerves, and the effects of fear, surprise, or any other external shock upon the nervous system."

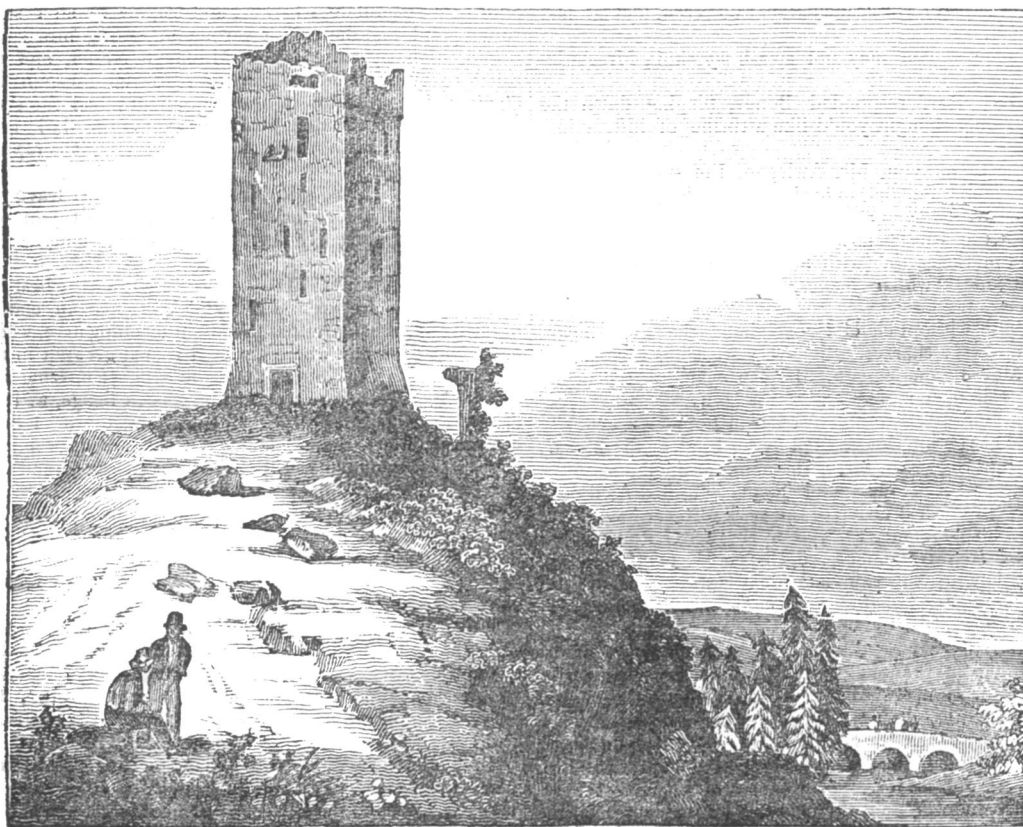
At this moment the trampling of a horse in the lane was heard, and presently afterwards a summons for the

priest arrived; a sick call to the cottage of a farmer two miles off amongst the mountains. Instantly Mr. R. donned his hat and cloak.

"Is it possible," I said to Mr. T. D., "sotto voce, "that he will think of going this inclement night?"

"God forbid I should refuse," said Mr. R. earnestly; "the poor man is extremely ill, and we would, indeed, be unfaithful shepherds of the flock, did we refuse to attend them in their need at any moment's warning. Were I dangerously ill myself—were my spirit near passing to the presence of its Creator, I should deem but poorly of the zeal of that priest who should refuse to attend my summons to administer the last comforts and consolations which the church has appointed for the dying Christian. I know this sick man well. I have always instructed him to rest his hope on Christ; and in Him I do believe he will depart." So saying, this humble mountain priest sallied forth with a cheerful alacrity, on what must appear to many a very uninviting mission. Mr. T. D. immediately retired to rest. We followed his example; nor did we awake till the morning's sun had risen high in the heavens.

J. F. W.



Mr. E. Heyden, del.

Clayton, sc.

CONNA CASTLE, COUNTY OF CORK.

From three to four miles west of Tallow stands Conna Castle, on a high limestone rock, which rises almost perpendicularly from the river Bride. The exterior of the building is tolerably perfect. It presents a square tower, about eighty feet in height. The first arched floor, called *The Earl's Room*, is accessible by a winding staircase of cut limestone, which, for neatness of execution, far exceeds any I have before seen in the ancient towers of the south. From this room may be seen, to the west, a tract of finely diversified country: immediately under is the village of Conna; a little beyond which is seen a rising ground, called *Gallows Hill*, the spot where, we are told, Cromwell stationed his army, and held council for the execution of

the defending army, and from whence he battered the castle, apparently with little effect. Over the entrance is a covered aperture in the wall, which communicates with the upper room, and is evidently for the purpose of letting fall missiles, or boiling water or lead, on an enemy attempting to force the doorway; this conducting aperture is, with few exceptions, peculiar to the ancients' defensive towers, and similarly situated in each. In the river side of the castle is a large square opening, continued from the base to the top, such as is mentioned in the description of Lisfinny Castle in a former number of your Journal. Dr. Smith, in his History of the county of Cork, thus mentions—"A mile west of Maguly is Connough

Castle, which belonged to Thomas Fitzgerald Roe. It was deeded to Sir Richard Boyke by Sir James Fullerton, anno 1603. Near it is a stone bridge over the river Bride. This castle is a high square tower, built on a steep rock, and commands an extensive prospect over the adjacent country. More west is the small parish church of

Knockmourne, in repair,* the only remains of an ancient corporation, which was entirely burned down by the White Knights, with many other churches and villages, in Desmond's rebellion."

* A few tattered walls, covered with ivy, now alone remain to shew the design of its former site.



HANNAH MORE'S COTTAGE.

COWSLIP GREEN.

From "The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual for 1835," edited by Rev. W. Ellis.

Although scarcely coming within the legitimate scope of our notice, we deem it but just to say of this new candidate for popular favour, that it deserves every encouragement from those who would wish to see the arts and sciences become the handmaids of religion. We are informed that it is devoted to the interest of benevolence and piety, on the broad principles of sacred charity. Most of the engravings are of a very superior order, and several articles throughout the volume will be read with interest by individuals of every sect and party. The above engraving, Cowslip Green, which we copy from the vignette title page, is an untenanted cottage, in the beautiful valley of Wrington, and was, many years since, the residence of the late Mrs. Hannah More. The description which follows is from the pen of the Rev. Henry Thompson, M. A. We do think *England* might have furnished Mr. Ellis much better poetry than any we notice in the volume :

Light rests around each honour'd spot,
Tro'd by the wise and good;
The scutcheon'd hall, the ivied cot,
The heartless solitude.

Nor in the mimic form so near,
Nor in the breathing page,
Seem we to contemplate or hear
The holy and the sage.

As when with reverent step we trace
The path their lives went down;
Ling'ring by each old storied place,
Renowned in their renown.

Rude husbandry may lay the land
In fertile ruin round;
Or Eden, reared by beauty's hand,
Bloom o'er that charmed ground.

Or desolation, blank and lone,
There frown in sullen sway;
Still the pure light lives quenchless on,
Through change and o'er decay.

There the rapt soul, from earth removed,
Communion soars to hold
With each great mind that dwelt or rovd
Amid these haunts of old.

Sweet dream! but soon to melt in air;
Yet, did we rightly deem,
That dream might shape substantial wear,
When life shall be a dream."

Go, pilgrim! and when earth's dull truth
Falls deadening round thy track,
And memory woos the light of youth
To thy dark bosom back.

And, musing o'er the visioned hour,
Spent in this sainted glade,
Fain would'st thou prove again the power
Thy willing soul obeyed.

Ask why around this still retreat
Such holy gleams abide,
And faith may win, like influence sweet,
Home to thine own hearth-side.

Go, "through an atmosphere of love."
Gaze with a heart resign'd
On all around thee and above,
Thy Saviour and thy kind.

Live to His glory and their weal;
So while friends fall away—
While heart's best lov'd and trusted feel
Estrangement's icy sway;

While die or part, the faithful few.
One friend shall still be near;
One fadeless hope, to meet the true,
Blest in His presence dear.

Thus though thy wanderings ne'er again,
These solemn scenes explore,
Thou still shalt tread, nor tread in vain,
The lucid steps of More.

* "She lived and walked in an atmosphere of love."—*Mr. Harford's Epitaphary Sketch.*